A Crucifixe:

OR,

A Meditation vpon Repentance,

and,

The holie Passion.

Written by CHRISTOPHER LEVIS.

Nouit indulgentissimè.

AT LONDON

Printed by *I. S.* for *John Budge*, and are to be sold at his shop at the great South doore of *Paules*. 1617.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Printed by W.S. for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold
at his shop at the great South doore of
Paules. 1607.

To the Reader.

THe Writings of Men, as they are diuers, so are they diuersly affected: yet euer in this inequalitie; that mo to the bad, than to the better be disposed. The reason is, corruption in Iudgement, dulnesse of Vnderstanding, blindenesse in Election, and a deprauednesse in the whole frame of Nature: whereof it commeth that many deceiue themselues in their choise, neglecting what is of neerest consideration, yet embrace that (with strong appetite,) which is most pernitious, and pestilent. I write not this to offend any one, but to remember all: for I had rather profite than please: and to giue friendly admonishment is better than silence. That great Apostle Saint Paule desired to knowe nothing but Iesus Christ, and him crucified, and dooth detest to reioyce in aught saue in the Crosse and sufferings of his Lorde and Maister. A lesson woorthy so great a Doctour, and worth our immitation. This is that one thing which is onely necessary; whereof, who hath true knowledge, hath all knowledge. This Crosse, this Crucifix, and this Passion I present thee (gentle Reader) not in their exact formes, (for that exceedes the power of Mortalitie) but in a little resemblance: wishing thee to reade, not for Mirth, but for Matter; and with holy Paul, faithfully to apply to thy soule, the glorie and reioycings of the holy Passion. Farewell.

Mes Goodman so much study dose
hase: if ani a frend he will lisp
Tunbillings strings Dreasse: for hee
Write to his and accompony of lies
and if ani ofend he will frowne his
writhy Clew eyes: he will beaten his
creature and spend all his witt and
if seeme he [illegible] can not cipres meyth

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the most reuerend father in God,

RICHARD (*by Diuine prouidence*)

Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate and Metropolitane of *England*.

My singular good Lord and Patron.



IGht Reuerend Lord) There is a disease in the Natures of men, most powerful in the vulgar and base multitude, to mis-interpret, (yet to interpret) all mens proceedings: Therefore the best cause doth most neede protection, lest otherwise, it receiue wrong in their iniurious and false constructions. For this particular, the frame and disposition is my owne, and therefore I willingly submitte that to a mercifull Iudgement. The Subject is not mine, but Gods, being extract from sacred Authorities; and therefore of it selfe able to resist all opposition. Here-hence I deriue my comfort, that the worthinesse of the Subject may giue supplyment to my verse, that wants woorth: and that in the opinion of good men, I shall be thought to haue done more, in giuing a religious matter this poore forme, than others (that with much industry and arte) haue painted the deformed face, of profane and idle Inuentions. The reasons (my good Lord) that moue me to this dedication, are these; First, the many testimonies I haue of your Lordships gratious respecting me, which earnestly presse me, to returne this little demonstration of thankes, where I haue receiued so much fauor. Next, your Lordships trauell, to conti-

nue the body of Religion vnited; or rather, to make vp the rent and diuision. Wherein God hath made you prosperous, giuing you spirite to enterprise, and victory to finish a care of that religious importance. And because this *Crucifix* I present, is a Meditation of the sufferings and death of Christ, represented to vs in the ceremony of the Crosse, (in the holy vse whereof, your Lordshippe hath fortunately trauelled.) I haue therfore thought this Dedication (of right) to belong vnto your Grace, assuring my selfe, that where the Shadow, there the Substance; where the Figure, there the Trueth; and where the Crosse, there the Christ, shall finde gratious and glad acceptance. The which, with all respects of duety and humblenesse, I offer vnto your Lordship: beseeching God to giue you to support the reputation of Learning, (helpfull to both the States of Church and kingdom) and after this life, perpetuity with the holy Angells and Saints.

Your Grace

in all duety and seruice.

CHRISTOPHER LEVIK.

A CRVCIFIX,
OR
A Meditation vpon Repentance, and the holy Passion.

THere is a griefe, which farre exceedes the skill
Of many learned spirits to define:
And this deriued is from doing ill;
Yet doth it rectifie, and much refine,
The blurred Image, of that power diuine.
Which in our purer soules, at our creation,
Made vs beloued, and of estimation.

Such is the terrour of a wounded Soule,
Stretched vpon the painefull racke of tryall,
Presented with that blacke accusing scroule,
The register of sinne, the Lords espiall;
Authorities, that ne'r admit deniall.
For when our Conscience doth display our sinne,
Then true affected griefe, doth first beginne.

It were in vaine, I labour'd to expresse,
The just proportion, and the qualitie
Of horred griefe: nor what amazednesse,
Attends this court of lawe, and equitie,
The Soule, must here implead impietie
Against the Soule. The Iudge that here preceedeth
Against himselfe, himselfe the law impleadeth.

In this Aſsiſe of ſoules, there is no plea,
Receiues his ſtrength, by miſ-interpretation:
No craftie Lawyer, for his double fee,
Findes errour, in the writ of condemnation:
Here needeth not the twelue, for approbation:
For here the conſcience, that recordeth all,
Can weil diſtinguiſh, juſt, and criminall.

Here, canſt thou not, in fauour of thy cauſe,
Produce perfidious knight-poſtes to conteſt:
Here, no prouiſo, or exceptiue clauſe,
By forged expoſition canſt thou wreſt:
Theſe mony trickes, thy conſcience will deteſt.
What needeth all theſe probates to be ſcan'd,
Whereas the *Fellon*, doth condemned ſtand?

You that haue had contrition for your ſinnes,
And bath'd your ſoules, in your repentant teares:
You, when your reformation firſt beginnes,
In your rebellious harts, tell me what feares,
What horredneſſe, remorſefull conſcience beares:
Or rather, doe confeſſe, as doth my verſe;
There is no power of words, can it reherſe.

The Father Iudge, that ſits his Sonne to trie,
Cannot reſiſt the torture of his minde:
When he denounceth ſentence (*thou muſt die*)
Examples may be fitted to this kinde:
But to reſemble ours no like we finde:
For here the Iudge, that giues the dying word,
Condemnes himſelfe: euen of his owne accord.

The eye, condemnes the ſight, the ſight the eye;
The power of ſpeach, our much offending tongue:
All qualities, their inſtruments envie;
And ſay, their aptneſſe to offence and wrong,
Impels the ſence; the weaker by the ſtrong,
Is captiuate: And ſinne that hath the reynes;
The common wealth in man, to ſinne conſtraines.

Like as that Bull, *Perillus* fram'd of braſſe;
To be a wond'rous inſtrument of woe:
Within whoſe wombe, when the offendor was;
In brutiſh ſort, he as a Bull did lowe,
The organe of the beaſt, did cauſe it ſo.
Right ſo our bodies, beaſtlie by our ſinne;
Doe beſtifie the ſoule, that liues within.

In oppoſition to this formall plea;
The body, to the ſoule againe replyeth.
The ſtate of ſinne, hath his eſtate in thee:
Our ſoules without, ſinne in our bodies dyeth;
Nature to liueleſſe things, all act denyeth.
For as the Ayre, is mooued with the wind,
So are our ſubject bodies, by the mind.

Who euer yet accus'd the murderous knife,
As actor of that horrible effect:
The agent, muſt be ſomewhat that hath life.
It is the liuing hand, that doth direct
The mortall blade: Nor is there had reſpect,
To inſtrumentall cauſes of offending:
For in the agent, guilt hath his depending.

Thus in the liſts, of hot contention:
This man of ſorrow, doth himſelfe diuide.
In euery part, a fearefull apprehenſion,
Of guiltineſſe; which judgment hath deſcride:
For who againſt the conſcience, aught can hide?
And in this ſtate of wretchednesſe doth dwell,
A ſtate more wretched, then my verſe can tell.

O you that gull, the poys'ned cup of pleaſure;
And ſpend your time, in nothing but expending.
You, in whoſe lap, if luſt let fall his treaſure:
You entertaine vile ſhame with much commending;
And thinke your glaſsie liues, ſhall ne're haue ending.
Let the remembrance of repentant teares,
Diminiſh ſinne; but much inlarge your feares.

Be not ſecure, where death is eminent:
The bubble of this life, cannot ſecure thee:
There is an after-ſtate, moſt permanent,
That will in honour, or in death aſſure thee:
If then to honour, now to die inure thee:
For he, whoſe life will mortifie no ſinne,
Shall finde the gate of Mercie ſhut to him.

Thy life is truely by reſemblance ſaid
To be a ſhadowe: ſhadowes from the Sun
Deriued be: for ſure there is no ſhade,
Where *Phœbus* doth not guild our horizon:
So we may ſay, the pride of life is done,
When as the Sunne of Glorie ſhall denie,
To giue the beames of his reſplendent Eye.

Change your corrupt opinions of delight.
Sometime delight in teares, in bitter woe:
To launce and cut, oft heales the wounded Knight.
If we to heauen; we muſt as Pilgrims goe:
It is a Chriſtian pleaſure to doe ſo:
For he that doth appoint al times for pleaſure:
To his repentance can admit no leiſure.

Were it, that he that over-loads the ſenſe,
In ſurffetting the much forbidden tree,
Could with the habite of his ſinnes diſpenſe,
Whilſt he might view his ſoules enormitie,
And with the judgement of Diſcretions eie,
Sentence his vaine, exorbitant delight,
And all his pleaſures that doe ſinne invite.

Then might he ſee the powre of much offending,
The little powre of him that ſo offendeth:
That warre of ſoules that never can have ending,
Where ſinne in oppoſition, death intendeth,
To him that (prodigall) in ſinne expendeth
His very ſelfe, and like a traitor thiefe,
In his owne treaſon makes himſelfe a chiefe.

Who ever ſawe a Generall in Armes,
Whenas the day determineth the warre;
To be impriſon'd in the treacherous armes
Of ſuch as neereſt to his perſon are,
Vnto himſelfe may make a like compare:
For ſuch are we when our delightfull pleaſure,
Vpon our ſoules (like traitors) make a ſeaſure.

Or like, as when the man reported horned,
Was chaſed by the ſeruants of his pleaſure:
So, when by monſtrous ſinne, we are deformed,
We finde offenſiue, what we held our treaſure:
Our vaine affects (like dogges) doe make a ſeaſure,
Vpon our ſoules: and like the hunted Deere,
Of our loud yelping ſinnes, we ſtand in feere.

When we can truelie, thus ſuruey our ſinne,
Our ſtate of death, our death in our offending:
The warre inteſtine, that we haue within;
The infinite of griefe, thereof depending;
The little power we haue, of our amending.
When this we know, we know our ſtat's not well:
As doth the ſicke, that heares his paſsing bell.

Then in the ballance of ſuſpence, we lay,
Our little hope, the mountaine of our care.
The ſcale of feare, by much doth ouer-ſway,
Our owne aſſurances, that nothing are:
Which makes, this ſicke man of his health deſpaire.
And were it not, that grace did vs auaile,
We ſhould not ſtand, the triall of the ſcale.

Now had I neede, a new to inuocate,
That all ſufficient, to direct my verſe:
My ſelfe much ſinfull, cannot ſinne relate,
Whoſe largeneſſe diſ-inables my rehearſe.
O giue me power to beautifie the hearſe
Of *Penitence*: which then is ſaid to die,
When men liue moſt in their ſecuritie.

If euer thing of greateſt admiration,
Could draw the vulgar eye, for to admire it;
Then let the ſubject, of this poore relation,
Be powerfull in their harts, that ſhall deſire it:
It is a heauenly act, for to inſpire it.
For though our penance, be a crabbed tree,
Yet is the fruit, of rare proprietie.

Suppoſe thy ſelfe, araigned at the barre,
Laden with fetters of thine owne offence;
Thy crying ſinnes, thy aduerſe Lawyers are,
The Diuell, doth his action here commence,
And for his witneſſe, hath thy conſcience.
Suppoſe this court-houſe, in thy ſoule to be,
Thy ſelfe to plead, thy ſelfe to anſwere thee.

That part, which beſt remembers, plaies the Clarke,
Who, when the word of ſilence, is proclaim'd,
Intreates, that great aſſemblie well to marke
Th'inditement of that *Traytor*: who aſham'd,
Stands at the barre of death: and being nam'd,
Holdes vp his guilty hand. The Clarke then readeth,
Thoſe treaſons, which my vtterance much exceedeth.

Yet as I may: This I ſuppoſe was ſaid.
(*Traytor*) thou art more ancient in thy ſinne,
Then in thy dayes: It cannot be denai'd,
But when thy firſt fore-father did beginne,
To liſten to his wifes ſolliciting:
Thou in him then, didſt with him giue conſent,
To further, that his treaſonous intent.

For

For like as he that for his murtherous fact,
Muſt ſatisfie the offended Law, by dying;
Although one little part, perform'd the act,
Yet doth the correſpondence, and relying
Among the parts, force ſuch a naturall tying,
As no particular can doe that thing,
That in his Generall hath not warranting.

So though thou hadſt not in the firſt creation,
The act of ſinning in particuler;
Yet hadſt thou then thy habitation
In *Adams* fleſh, who whenas he did erre,
Did then partake, with all that in him were:
Who did ſo taint the Purity of Nature,
As he thereby hath tainted euery creature.

In this eſtate thy Parents did produce thee,
Blind-folding thee, yet in thy ſoule more blinde.
Thy birth wants innocence, for to excuſe thee,
Depriu'd of light, depraued in thy minde:
Neither in ſoule, or bodie, canſt thou finde
Integrity. Thy Farhers generation,
Inlargeth ſinne, not giues it limitation.

And as thy yeares, ſo doe thy ſinnes augment:
Nay, they out-ſtrip thy time in forwardneſſe.
For long before thy childiſhnes be ſpent,
Thou wilt be aged in thy wickednelſe.
Childrens firſt aptitudes doe well expreſſe,
Whither the progreſſe of their liues intend:
For like beginning, often hath like end.

What though thy Parents in their prouidence,
Couet to better thee, by education.
Yet is their trauell, but a vaine expence,
Thy time of youth, will giue an intimation,
How much vnlike thou art thy first creation.
Neuer could any precepts from the wise,
Er'e rectifie a mans infirmities.

Thus dost thou make gradation in thy sinne,
Till thou attaine, the vtmost step of life;
And like *Report*, when it doth first beginne,
Is then the least; yet when it waxeth rife,
It doth inlarge it selfe: So sinfull life,
By custome, and continuance in sinning,
Men are much worse, then in their first beginning.

For when their time doth bring them to that state,
That makes a man; the strength of nature then,
Doth their injurious parts corroborate.
The length of yeares, doth euer giue to man,
Habilitie in wickednesse: and whan
Depraued man, hath meanes of doing ill,
He makes them serue, his much depraued will.

Like as the neighbour Riuers to the Sea
Cannot support vpon their shallowe backes;
The huge proportion of an *Argosie*,
Because the little currant water lackes:
Yet when the Sea (that all resistance wrackes)
Shall fill the emptie channell with his *Tide*;
The greatest vessell with great ease may glide.

So are the firſt vnable yeares of man,
Too weake, in mooning the huge bulke of ſinne:
Yet when the tide of yeares approcheth, than
Men grow more impudent in their committing;
And will receiue the mightieſt veſſels in,
To harbour, in their little ſtreame of Time,
Till fatall end, ſhall cut their little twine.

It were a wondrous taske to make relation,
Of euerie grieuance in particular:
Thy ſinnes of bloud, of wanton agitation.
How infinite in euerie kind they are,
Hearts may ſuppoſe; but Speech cannot declare.
For when that man in Nature is moſt ſtrong;
He is moſt powrefull then, in doing wrong.

See, if thy time grow aged with expence
Of many yeares, be leſſe in thy offending:
Time is the giuer of experience:
Old age will preach to youth, their youthes offending;
Yet youthful ſinnes, in youth haue not their ending.
For when old men are ſtepping to their graue,
In youthfull ſinning, ſtrong deſires they haue.

Old age, (though colde) can neuer quench the fire
Of luſtfull youth. Though age be in thy fleſh,
Yet in thy thoughts, thou doſt maintaine deſire;
Which in performance, thou canſt not expreſſe,
By reaſon of thy bodies feebleneſſe.
Yet know, that when *Deſire* is in thy hart,
It is as much, as thou an Actor wert.

This thy Desire, incends the noble parts
Of reason, and blunteth thy discretion.
Makes a combustion in obdurate harts;
Depraues the sence, and blindeth thy election;
Dries vp repentant teares, (thy soules refection:)
And sure that man, eternallie shall die,
Whose hart will not giue water to his eye.

Thus (O thou worst of Gods creation!)
Thou dost reuerse the ordinance of Nature.
All other *Beings*, keepe their ordination;
Obedience liues, in euery other creature;
Only in him, that hath the goodliest feature.
He that from God, most blessings hath deriued;
He against God, most treasons hath conspired.

Search the immence circumference of Earth,
The many wondrous mouers in the Sea,
The Element of Ayre, wherein we breathe,
The regiment of Heauen, and sympathy
Of mooving orbs, and starrie deitie.
In all the parts of this circumference,
No one like man in dis-obedience.

If God command the Seas to patience:
They still their noise, and smooth their horred face.
Let him againe be mooued to offence,
The raging wind, the swelling billowes chase,
Vnto the daring rockes that doe imbrace
Their violence, and there doth bound the Seas,
Vntill a calme, their troubles doe appease.

If God command the clowdes to teare the Ayre,
And blaſt the hopefull harueſt in the blade,
By fearefull Thunder, they obedient are.
If God command the Earth, the Earth is made,
With fearefull trembling, to make men afraide.
These *Elements*, that haue no law but *Nature*;
Yet haue more dutie, then thy ſelfe (O *Traytor*)

God hath commanded *Time*, to giue the yeare,
Months, Daies, and Houres, for her diſtinction:
Both Daies, and Houres, by Time well ordered were,
They vnto Time, and Time to Ordination;
Giue their performance vnto Gods creation.
(*Traytor*) men ſay, that Times vnconſtant are;
Yet, than thy ſelfe, they are more certaine farre.

The mightie fiſh, the Sea-deuouring *Whale*;
Waites for to waft poore *Ionas* to the ſhoare.
The little flies of *Ægipt* doe auaile,
To wage victorious warre: nay more,
Lice, durſt preſume the priuie chamber dore,
And ſeaſe the perſon, of a mightie King,
Becauſe from God they had a warranting.

Hath God beſtow'd his ſacred breath on thee,
To countervaile the *Angels* that erſt fell:
Giuing thy ſoule of his Eternitie;
Yet thruſt thy betters, for leſſe ſinne to hell.
Did God refuſe thoſe Spirits that excell
In holy worſhip; to partake thy nature?
He did, for thy redemption this (O *Traytor*)

If-

If God command let this, or that be done;
The little *Creature*, that is bid to doe it,
Is wondrous quicke in execution:
Yet vnto man, that hath the power of wit;
And in the verie place of God doth sit:
Is giuen a law, the which was neuer kept,
By any one: (*The ſonne of God excepted.*)

Now to inlarge the huge proportion
Of thy offence (*Traytor*) thou didſt attempt,
That treaſon, which exceedes compariſon:
Whoſe horrour did bedimme the Element:
Both Heauen, and Earth in wonders did conſent;
To point it out, for greateſt admiration,
Which farre exceeds the power of all relation.

This little out of much. God to redeeme,
The loſt integritie, of man his creature.
Did his defaced Image ſo eſteeme,
As he inueſted in thy humane nature,
The ſonne of God, (the word that made each creature)
Eternall Chriſt, who in his fleſh did merit,
Eternall life, for each beleeuing ſpirit.

See how thou doſt returne him recompence.
Thou gau'ſt him pouertie, that was a King:
Iuſtice it ſelfe, yet blam'ſt his innocence:
Great majeſtie, had but the poore attending:
Nor had thy treaſons, in theſe wrongs their ending.
But didſt with (wicked Iewes) conſpire his death,
That firſt did giue, thy firſt fore-father breath.

And didſt preuaile. Thy tongue did ſentence him;
Thy hands (O wicked inſtruments of ſinne)
Bound the moſt free, and tortur'd euery lim;
Nor ſo content, labour'd to vex within
His ſacred Spirit, with moſt vile profaning:
And laſt, to pleaſe the ſpirits of thine eye,
The *Holy Lambe* betweene two thieues muſt die.

Was this enough, or art thou ſtill more great
In thy offence? O ſtill thou doſt augment it:
Thou want'ſt not ſinne, but I wordes to repeate
Thy infinites: thy ſoule cannot repent it;
For thy delight is euer to augment it:
Witnes thy horred cuſtomary ſwearing,
Wherewith each day his body thou art tearing.

¶ Here let the Conſcience make ſome little pauſe,
Whilſt that the Diuell that intends the plea,
Produceth witneſſes to prooue the cauſe;
Shewing large recordes of impieties:
And with a wondrous skill in Sophiſtrie,
Giues a proportion to his ſinfulſtate,
Hoping to make the Guiltie deſperate.

Hoping to make the guiltie deſperate,
He doth augment the Volume of our ſinning,
Adding inlargements to exaſperate
The Iudge, that ſtands to ſentence our offending:
Euen from our birth, to theſe our dayes of ending:
It hath, and will be ſtill his exerciſe,
Againſt our happy beings to deuiſe.

Witnes

Witnes his enuy at our first creation,
That did deny our state of innocence,
A little breathing rest from his temptation;
But with the smoothed face of faire pretence,
Suggests into our natures his offence:
Witnesse againe this time of our repentance,
How he incites the Iudge to cruell sentence.

No one (howeuer skilfull in his Art)
Can giue more fit expressing formes to sinne.
He makes a priuie search within the heart,
And laies that open that was hid within;
And with most curious workemanship doth limme
The vgly formes of our impieties;
And then presents their Terror to our eyes.

This, and much more this enemy of man,
And then the *Conscience* doth againe beginne;
(Traitor) how ist, this thy accuser can
Produce these certaine probats of thy sinne?
Speake; canst thou cleare thy selfe of guilt heerein?
Thy cause will not finde help in thy deniall,
For in the court of *Conscience* is thy triall.

Like vnto him, that in a mighty throng,
Labors to hasten to some businesse,
With heate and sweate doth vex himselfe among
The moouing multitude, that in their preasse,
Arrest his haste, and stoppe his forwardnesse:
Só doe our sighes, our teares and griefe within,
Arrest our words, when gladly we beginne.

(Alas)

(Alas) what elſe, but *Guiltie* in the weakest
Which he, in broken accents would relate.
He puffes it out in ſighes, that cannot ſpeake;
The ſence of ſinne, doth ſo exanimate
Thoſe facnlties, that on our ſoules doe waite:
As with a lawfull warrant, may be ſaid,
In this eſtate, our verie Soules are dead.

Our *Reaſon* then, demandes our guilty ſpirit;
What for our juſtice we can argument.
Whether our Iudgement correſpond our merit;
Or if corruption in this parlament,
Heere in thy owne free holde, we doe conuent;
The Iurie, that doth ſentence what thou art,
Are of thy Tenants, dwelling in thy hart.

Nothing (alas) the *Conſcience* can replie.
Nothing (indeede) nor no word to excuſe vs;
Where all is *Sinne*, ther's no integrity.
All our euaſions, in this caſe refuſe vs;
Nothing in vs can comfort, but accuſe vs.
For he that hath this ſorrowe in his fleſh;
Hath leaſt of joy, and moſt of heauineſſe.

The judgement then (for judgement muſt be juſt)
Denounceth ſentence of our condemnation.
(*Traytor*) thy fleſh, ſhall firſt returne to duſt;
(The matter of thy firſt formation)
Thy *Soule* tranſported to that ſtrange vexation;
Whereas the ſoules of damned doe beginne,
To act the wofull parts, of tragike Sinne.

This

This is the law, and thus we ſentence thee;
Our power extends not for to moderate;
This court is *Iuſtice*, Iuſtice we decree.
The ſeate of *Mercie* is predominate,
And liues in God, he that did firſt create
Thy Innocence. To him thou muſt appeale,
If this our *Condemnation* thou repeale.

¶Thus farre the law: Now to our worke of *Grace*,
To waſh this *Moore*, and giue him Innocence:
To reobtaine what er'ſt he did deface,
Integritie: To cancell his offence;
In lieu whereof, to giue him excellence.
To make that glorious, that before was baſe;
(Doubt thoſe that liſt) It is a worke of *Grace*.

Of Grace? me thinkes th'vngratious will replie,
I rob Gods Image of his worthineſſe.
Becauſe to ſinfull man, I doe denie
Innatiue power to worke his holineſſe.
Will you (O men deceiued) I confeſſe,
That God will ſhare the glory of his name,
With men, whoſe liues diſhouour moſt the ſame.

Here is the world, in great diſpute and ſtrife,
Whence doth ariſe, this penitentiall fire,
That purgeth *Sinne*, and rectifies the life:
Some will deriue it from their owne deſire:
Others, the bleſſed *Angels* doe inſpire;
Some in their *Friends*, and many in their *Prieſt*,
In *Errour* all, in *God* they place it leaſt.

When God did giue a ſpirit vnto man,
He did but gently breathe it in his fleſh;
But if he once call backe the ſame againe,
He ſpeaketh loud, and groanes with painefulneſſe:
Adam, and *Lazarus* doe well expreſſe,
That he that can determine ſinfull ſtrife;
Doth ſomewhat more, than he that gaue vs life.

It were a well deſeruing worke, to ſet
The kirnell that's a priſoner in the ſhell:
Which, when the Sunne doth warme, and heauens wet,
Receiues a life, yet doth it farre excell
In curious Art, to make that proſper well;
Which (like a rotten member of a tree)
For fewell fit, for *Grace* vnfit to be.

Me thinkes, I heare the *Mutinous* repine,
And blame the hard conſtruction of my verſe:
And to the fire condemne this diſcipline;
Or wiſh, my recantation to reuerſe,
The doome I cenſure on this vniuerſe.
(Thus theſe repiners) God ſhould wrong our ſpirits,
To giue vs *Lawes*, and take away our *Merits*.

Thus may your earthen veſſels make diſpute,
And aske, how hap the Potter made them ſo?
Doe you not know, that God is abſolute?
Nor giues a reaſon for his doing ſo?
Shall God out of himſelfe for wiſedome goe?
How dar'ſt thou argument with God maintaine,
Being his vaſſaile, he thy Soueraigne.

To make it beſt; thus I compare thy ſtate,
Like to a Candle wel prepar'd for light:
The reaſon why I thus doe eſtimate,
Is thy Diſcourſe, thy Reaſon, and Delight
To vnderſtand each cauſe. But the inſight
Of that which neereſt doth concerne thy minde,
In this thou art not ſighted, but ſtarke blinde.

Suppoſe ten thouſand torches in the night;
They giue no light, vnleſſe thou giue them fire:
So is thy Reaſon, and thy judgements ſight,
Blind in it ſelfe, if *Grace* giue not deſire.
It is the God of Spirits, doth inſpire
Thy ſoule with Grace, For when it wants his light;
It is more blacke, then is the darkeſt night.

And in this darkneſſe, this our man of Griefe,
(Whome we proportion,) is in darkneſſe placed.
Within himſelfe, he cannot finde reliefe:
What was diuine in him, is now defaced.
The pride of his deſeruings is diſgraced.
And when a man in this dejection lyeth,
He waſtes in ſorrow, and in teares he dyeth.

And die he muſt, in his repentant teares,
Before his reformation can beginne:
The graine muſt die, before the blade appeares;
New birth is gotten, by the death of ſinne.
When thus we die, our ſpirit that's within,
Reſpires a life, that neuer will deceiue vs;
Whereof, nor *Time*, nor *Enuie* can bereaue vs.

The manner how: This out of my report.
When man is ouer-charged with the cares
Arising from the judgement of this Court.
And when within himselfe he much despaires;
The holy Spirit, then to him repaires,
And brings his *Pardon*, testified good,
With this subscription (*IESVS*) writ in blood.

And thus (this sacred instrument of life)
(Poore man) we adde not, to thy heauinesse:
To speake in anger or contentious strife;
Mercie is only in our businesse:
We come to make thy much affliction lesse;
And offer to thy neere despairing spirit,
The *Psalme of Mercie*. Mercie best can merit.

See here, the booke of Life I do present thee;
Wherein thou maist Eternitie behold.
Thou canst not reade, before thou first repent thee;
Thou must first know thy selfe, and then vnfold
This sacred volume. The Spirit then doth hold,
Before the darkned spirits of his eye,
A *Representment*, how his Christ did die.

Said I, a representment, and no more;
It is much more, then in my wordes can be.
My soule conceits, a verie Christ before;
Spreading his sacred bodie on the *Tree*.
Me thinkes, his verie torments I doe see.
This *Crucifix*, is that most sacred booke,
Wherein each happy Spirit needes must looke.

And

And this the *holy Ghoſt* preſents the eye,
And bids vs reade our penitentiall verſe:
If we can (Clarkely) reade this myſtery,
He promiſeth, our judgement for to trauerſe,
And all our condemnation to reuerſe:
But *Sinne* (alas) ſo darkned hath the minde,
As in this holy learning we are blinde.

Like when th'vnlearned Fellon hath his booke,
Without a Prompter, he no letter readeth;
Although with much deſire, he thereon looke,
Euen ſo our Soules, as much (vnlearned) needeth,
The help of that ſweete comfort that proceedeth.
For if that God aſſiſt vs not the better,
We vnderſtand, no ſence, no word, nor letter.

In this condition, this our man of ſinne,
Cannot reade mercie in theſe miſteries,
Before Gods holy ſpirit doe beginne,
To cleanſe the ſoule of his impieties.
To moue the hart, and cleere the darkned eyes:
When once this grace, in vs hath but a being,
In holy ſecrets, we haue perfect ſeeing.

The leaprous man, to heale his filthineſſe,
Muſt ſeauen times water his contagious skinne.
Is holy water of that worthineſſe?
Then with repentant teares let vs beginne,
To waſh the leaprous body of our ſinne.
Seauen times is nothing, multiply thy ſeauen,
We muſt waſh cleane, ere we can enter heauen.

This is our first degree of holineſſe;
Which at the firſt, (as all beginnings are)
Little (in trueth) but large in hopefulneſſe.
He that beginnes this ſorrow with a teare,
Vnto a better worke doth but prepare.
And when in vs this grace hath but beginning,
We liue to hope, and die vnto our ſinning.

Take for an inſtance him whom we proport:
No more of ſinne, but now the childe of Grace.
As he waſtes teares, his benefits reſort;
The bad thruſt out, the betters haue the place,
What was delightfull now he doth deface:
When thus he hath a new begotten minde,
His eyes are open, that before were blinde.

No ſooner open, but with eagerneſſe,
They gaze vpon that ſanctimonious tree
The holy Croſſe, (O ſacred Worthineſſe!)
That beares the fruit of Immortalitie:
And with a greedy appetite doth eie,
This Crucifix, this Chriſt, thats nailde thereon,
This God, this man, this our redemption.

Not form'd in mettle, or with curious paint,
Nor hallowed with earthen ſanctities;
We eſtimate not much, a woodden Saint,
Nor can a Painter learne the myſterie,
To make a Chriſt, or giue diuinitie.
Thus then of all I would be vnderſtood,
This Crucifix, nor mettle, paint, nor wood.

But

But very Christ, which with a faithfull eie,
This sonne of Grace reuiews with good affection:
In euery part he earnestly doth prie
For sacred bloud, which is the soules refection:
For without bloud we seale not our election.
Now giue him wordes, or else we doe him wrong,
To giue him much Desire, and not a Tongue.

¶ Sacred (he saith) most glorious, most diuine;
Thou Word that mad'st, thou Christ that sav'dst all;
Thou Sonne that euerlastingly dost shine,
Coequall God, and consubstantiall;
Thou Gate of mercy, way to life Eternall:
O sith thou giv'st me sorrow for my sinne,
Open thy Mercy gate, and let me in.

Thou art that Foode, and ever-liuing Spring,
Whereof who tastes, shall neuer thirst againe.
O I am thirst, with my much sorrowing;
Euen as the parched land that gaspes for raine:
Do not thy heauenly droppings then detaine.
If that my soule this holy water want,
What thriueth it, I set, I sowe, or plant?

But want I cannot, if I but desire it;
Thy mercy doth preuent my forwardnesse:
Thou giuest grace before wee can require it.
If in our hearts there be but willingnesse,
Thou com'st vnto vs, ere we can expresse
What we determine. In this, scarce one
Of mortall race, loues imitation.

This

This is our firſt degree of holineſſe;
Which at the firſt, (as all beginnings are)
Little (in trueth) but large in hopefulneſſe.
He that beginnes this ſorrow with a teare,
Vnto a better worke doth but prepare.
And when in vs this grace hath but beginning,
We liue to hope, and die vnto our ſinning.

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Thou Sonne that euerlaſtingly doſt ſhine,
Coequall God, and conſubſtantiall;
Thou Gate of mercy, way to life Eternall:
O ſith thou giv'ſt me ſorrow for my ſinne,
Open thy Mercy gate, and let me in.

Thou art that Foode, and ever-liuing Spring,
Whereof who taſtes, ſhall neuer thirſt againe.
O I am thirſt, with my much ſorrowing;
Euen as the parched land that gaſpes for raine:
Do not thy heauenly droppings then detaine.
If that my ſoule this holy water want,
What thriueth it, I ſet, I ſowe, or plant?

But want I cannot, if I but deſire it;
Thy mercy doth preuent my forwardneſſe:
Thou giueſt grace before wee can require it.
If in our hearts there be but willingneſſe,
Thou com'ſt vnto vs, ere we can expreſſe
What we determine. In this, ſcarce one
Of mortall raſe, loues imitation.

This

This, and tenne thousand testaments of Loue,
T'vnworthy men, are daily multiplide,
Which might their blunted vnderstandings moue
To Loue and Honor, whom they crucified,
Their King and Sauiour *Iesus* is denied.
For euer be it hatefull in the Iewes,
To choose a villaine, and the Iust refuse.

Pilate, thou canst not wash in Innocence;
Nor *Caiphas*, how er'e in holy place,
You give a monstrous sinne, a faire pretence;
Your greatnes cannot countenance the case:
Both Prince and Prelate, and the vulgar base
Conspire in one. These discords can agree
To plot, and practise this conspiracie.

Traitors, hold off your blacke and treasonous handes,
Touch not his pure and neuer-tainted flesh:
Villaines, your King, must he be lockt in bands?
How prodigall you be in wickednesse!
To buffet, binde, and whippe his sacred flesh.
Let me my sinfull body interpose,
The sinne was mine, let me beare off the blowes.

See how his bloud spirts from their cruell stripes;
(O sacred blood, O sacred body bleeding.)
These Iewes haue lesse compassion than their whippes,
To spill that blood, which is the holy feeding
Of blessed soules. O cruelty exceeding!
Traitors, you little know one drop of blood,
Would be enough to doe all sinners good.

Sweete

(Sweete *Iesu*,) may thy seruant begge this grace;
To be a vessell, to receiue this spilling.
The earth my Lord's a farre vnworthy place;
A place of bloud, a slaughter-house of killing.
Sith I haue woundes, O *Iesu* be thou willing,
That some of this, these Iewes shed on the ground,
I may reserue, to cure a mortall wound.

In this aray, their God, our Christ they bring
Vnto the place of execution:
His enemies entitle him a King;
Yet that is done in their derision.
The Stage is *Caluerie* they act vpon;
A place of Skulles, the morall may be this:
We are but rotten bones without his blisse.

Looke, as a Pyrate roauing at the Seas,
When by aduenture hitting on a prise;
Doth first vpon their stoage make a sease,
Then on their victor'd liues doth tyrannise:
These hel-houndes so their envie exercise.
First, they doe strippe our Sauiour of his cloathing,
Then of his life, and thus they leaue him nothing.

Is it not wonder this rebellious rout;
Trauells in sweat, to worke their fatall woe?
See, with what painefulnesse they goe about
This horred act; herein they are not slowe,
That to a worke of Grace could neuer goe.
They dragge, they binde, they naile, they fasten on;
Our holy life, but their damnation.

Betweene two malefactors they did place him;
In ſcorne of his moſt perfect innocence.
Theſe *Theeues* there ſet, of purpoſe to diſgrace him,
Yet did theſe Varlets faile in their pretence;
Their neereneſſe, could not giue him their offence.
For that is ſaid to be the vertuous meane,
That on each hand, hath neighbour'd the extreame.

Now they haue reared vp this *Crucifix*,
See how their reſting time they entertaine.
Some vinegre and gall togither mix;
Others deride, and all of them diſdaine,
In ſcorne they call him, Lord, and Soueraigne.
The ſouldiers, that aboue the reſt doe raue,
Doe caſt the Dice, who ſhould his garment haue.

My Lord is now in other buſineſſe,
Building the frame of mans ſaluation:
Theſe drops of bloud, and water doe expreſſe
His inward griefe: he giues a demonſtration
Of torment, that exceedeth all relation.
For, he that would bring merit vnto man,
Muſt ſuffer more, then any other can.

O what is man whome thou regardeſt ſo!
A ſtayned cloath, a beautie withered.
Yet did my Lord his greatneſſe humble ſo,
As he inueſts our *Nature* that was dead;
He brings againe what erſt was periſhed.
Now by his *Bloud*, and euer by his *Grace*,
He makes vs worthie that before were baſe.

What though they heape iniquitie on ſinne?
He layeth not his ſauing worke aways
He helpeth moſt, when they moſt torture him;
To giue vs life, he doth his owne defray.
(*Lord Chriſt*) thou didſt for thy tormentors pray,
Father forgiue them, (thus thy innocence)
Forgiue them (gratious Father) their offence.

The horror of this act, did blind the Sunne,
Remoue the Earth, the holy Temple rend:
Dead bodies from their Sepulchers did runne,
And preach to many how theſe Iewes offend:
All things reprou'd, and nothing did commend.
The Sunne, the Earth, the Temple, and the Graue,
Haue more of *Grace*, then theſe Tormentors haue.

The Sunne doth hide his euer-burning face,
Abhorring to ſuruey their damned fact.
The Earth did ſhame it, as her owne diſgrace,
Becauſe vpon her body they did act.
The Graues diſclaime, and diſ-alowe the fact.
The holy Temple doth it ſelfe diuide,
Becauſe a holier they haue crucifide.

Now giue me breath (O ſacred breathing ſpirit!)
With faithfull affectation to applie,
This Death, this Chriſt, this compotence of merit
Vnto my ſoule; that in it ſelfe would die,
If not ſupported by the hand of Mercie.
How helpeth it the hurt-man to be ſound,
Vnleſſe the Salue be plaſterd to the wound.

And as the holy Prophet that did ſpread,
His liuing body on the liueleſſe corſe,
And ſo brought backe, the ſpirit vaniſhed,
And made a contract where there was diuorſe:
So, when our ſoules are mantled with this croſſe;
That life of Grace, we erſt had loſt with ſinning,
Hath then a ſecond time in vs. beginning.

And to make fit for good digeſtion
This bread of life; we muſt the loafe diuide;
Our faithfull ſoules in morſels feeds thereon,
So by degrees my Lord was crucified.
In Ciuill fellowſhip it is denied,
To gobbet vp a ſupper at a bit,
When we haue time and leiſure for to ſit.

It were good order we beginne the loweſt,
When we this *Iacobs ladder* would aſcend;
In happie progreſſe we attaine the reſt,
And then we giue our trauells happie end.
This only counſaile I doe recommend:
That he that would aſcend theſe holy ſtaires,
Muſt to his footing firſt direct his cares.

Then with his bleſſed *Feete* let vs beginne,
That now are ſtayned with the ſtreaming bloud
That iſſues from the *Neile*, that ſtickes therein.
O that my eyes, would doe my hart that good,
To be as moiſt, as is the ſwelling cloud!
For holy *Maudlen* doth inſtruct my teares,
To waſh, and then to wipe them with my haires.

Theſe holy paſſengers doe neuer haſte,
To guilty bloud, nor vnto luſtfull fire.
No little minute of a time they waſte,
To miniſter to any vaine deſire.
In enuy therefore did the *Iewes* conſpire,
To naile thoſe holy moouers vnto wood,
That were ſuch forward inſtruments of good.

Their trauell was, to trauell to the weake;
Bring comfort to the vnreſpected poore;
To giue the lame to goe, the dumbe to ſpeake,
And fit applyments vnto euery ſore;
A greater yet than what was ſaide before:
They brought the newes of Peace vnto our ſpirite,
And therefore our acceptance they doe merite.

See how his ſacred *Knees* be markt with praire,
A demonſtration of his ſanctitie.
To Adulation they vncuſtom'd are;
Nor fawne they with officiall flatterie.
Giue me (ſweete *Lorde*) theſe merites to apply:
Theſe markes are no diſgrace vnto my skinne;
Better be markt with holy *Prayer*, than *Sinne*.

Now let me reach my meditation higher,
And touch my Lords moſt bleſſed *Heart* that bleedeth:
This bloud cannot extinguiſh holy fire;
That in this holy principall exceedeth:
He warmes with *Zeale*, and with his *Blood* he feedeth
Our ſpirites that are cold and hunger-ſtarued,
Wanting this *Grace* we men haue not deſerued.

This *Heart* is not the nurſery of Pride,
Of Murther, Luſt, of Mammon, and Debate:
Within his ſecrets there is not implide,
The new inuention to *Equiuocate*.
This *Heart* muſt thinke what ere his wordes relate.
Lying is ſinne, all ſinne is from the Deuill,
The Art of *Reſeruation* then is euill.

No ſin had ere admittance in this place,
(O place, moſt ſanctimonious, moſt diuine!)
The Preſence-chamber, and the ſeate of *Grace*,
Whereas his ſoule in majeſtie did ſhine.
How can it be the Holieſt ſhould incline,
To entertaine into his Chaire of State,
The leaſt of euills we can eſtimate?

May I (ſweet *Ieſu*) view in euery part,
The ſecret cloſet of thy thoughts within;
The *Speare* hath made a paſſage to thy *Heart*;
The entrance then is open; let me in
To ſee the merite that hath vanquiſht ſin.
Do not thy mercy gate againſt me locke,
For I will euer at thy *Mercy* knocke.

See, here is nothing that preſents my eie,
But Loue, but Fauour, and Compaſsion:
In euery quarter *Mercy* I eſpie;
Mercie's the briefe of all I looke vpon;
Mercie the cauſe and meanes of my ſaluation.
O, ſith there is ſuch mercy in thy hart,
(Sweete *Ieſu*) giue my grieued ſoule a parte.

Like

Like to a Prince that in his royall throne,
Bethinkes what may his people benefit;
Sends this his good determination,
To ſuch as at his Counſaile Table ſit,
That by their Wiſedomes they may order it:
So dooth the *Heart* determine firſt the deede,
Then ſends it to the counſaile in the head.

Let me alittle higher now aſcend,
Whereas my *Lord* his holy Armes doth ſpread,
This moralles how his *Mercy* doth extend;
Invites to ſave what would be periſhed:
Come vnto me all that are wearied,
I will ſupport your life, vnloade your cares,
Infuſe my *Grace*, and wipe away your teares.

Then ſith I am inuited to this *Grace*,
(Sweete *Ieſu*) giue my ſpirite entertaine;
I would vnloade my burthen in this place,
Whoſe weight is more than I can well ſuſtaine:
(Lord *Ieſu*) eaſe thy ſeruant of this paine:
Take off this heauy bondage of my ſinne,
Thy yoke is eaſie, let me liue therein.

Theſe *Hands* (O ſacred inſtruments of health!)
That neuer failed yet in any cure;
The ſicke mans comfort, and the poore mans wealth:
Whoſe holy vertue euer ſhall indure,
And euer for to help will them inure:
Why doe the *Iewes* theſe holy helpers wound,
Whoſe very touch made the diſeaſed ſound?

These mercifull and free bestowing *Hands*,
Are euer reaching their beneuolence:
He giueth aught to any that demands;
Neuer respecting gainefull recompence;
His bounty is not wasted with expence.
For as the Springs supply the wasting Streames,
So hath his *Grace* supplyment from the heauens.

His *Flesh* they wound, and mortise it in wood,
T'vnfit my *Lord*, from healing any more;
As they strike in, out starts the sacred blood,
That cureth more than did his hands before:
One dramme of this will helpe the greatest sore.
These people in their purpose (then) did faile,:
For heere is *Vertue* which they cannot naile.

This holy Vertue (might my *Lord* be pleasd,)
T'infuse my *Soule*, all hackt with mortall sinne;
Wounded, and sore, in euery parte diseasd;
I should my restauration then beginne.
My hands haue blood, that ouer-spreads my skinne
With sinfull *Guilt*, O let thy blood diuine
Expell my guilt, and then my blood refine!

Now I arriue my much desired Port;
The *Orbe* wherein all holinesse doth moue,
The place whereto all wisedome doth resort,
The Court of *Mercy*, Majestie, and Loue,
Furnisht with all acquirements from aboue.
Such is my Lords most sacred holy *Head*,
With all these rich indiuments furnished.

This

This is that one and vniuerſall Head,
That ouer all hath true preheminence;
Who ſeekes a ſecond, from the firſt is dead:
Two *Vniuerſals* haue no excellence.
Who can corriuall Chriſt without offence?
(*Lord Sauiour Chriſt*) it doth my ſoule content,
To be a member in thy regiment.

From this *Firſt head* deriued is all *Grace*;
That giues the members life, and holy being.
The head is ſaid to be the fitteſt place,
Where our immortall ſpirits be decreeing,
How to repaire this houſe of fleſh; then ſeeing
The lower parts to Reaſon are but dead,
They muſt repaire for wiſedome to the *Head*.

See how theſe Iewes this Head doe dignifie;
His temples, with a crowne they doe adorne.
They call him King, yet this their King muſt die;
They giue him ſtate, but that is done in ſcorne,
A Diademe they faſhion him of thorne.
Yet know (*you Traytors*) when it toucht his head,
Neuer was Crowne ſo richly garniſhed.

A crowne of thorne? O let their great offence,
Re-eccho backe my indignation!
Were ye (good people) at this great expence,
To ſolemnize his coronation,
That was the *King*, that gaue all Kings creation.
See you theſe drops, that trickle from the thorne?
They damne your deede, but doe his *Grace* adorne.

His *holy Eyes*, (O sacred lamps of light!)
The busie searchers of all mens distresse:
Whose seeing is not lested by the night,
In naked formes they all things can expresse;
They haue all knowledge, and all holinesse.
These *Planets* that are mouers in this Heauen,
Haue better *Constellation* then the Seauen.

(*Lord Iesus*) let thy holy *Eyes* reflect
Their influence, vpon my earthen state:
Thy heauenly presence is a faire aspect;
There doth my soule delight to speculate.
For by those *Starres*, I best can calculate
My lot of *Grace*: which neuer is deni'd
To him, that viewes this Christ thus crucifi'd.

But O the organe of his holy *Speech*;
That breatheth life to euery faithfull eare!
This holy one, his holy word did preach:
He giues for nothing what would cost vs deare;
And makes assurance, where before was feare.
(*Lord Iesu*) giue me knowledge in thy teaching,
I shall lesse neede these Times contentious preaching.

His breath he formeth into holy prayer;
Which doth ascend the throne of maiestie.
For vs poore men, all his petitions were;
He aduocates for vs perpetuallie.
Thinke ye, the Father will his sonne denie?
What neede I for moe *Intercessors* care,
When *holy Christ* doth interceede his prayer?

Thou

Thou *Splendor* of thy Fathers majestie.
Thou God of God, thou man, all mens Redeemer.
Thou King of Iewes, thou Christ they crucifie.
Thou one, wherein all graces treasur'd are.
Thou mercifull, thou all, thou euery where.
To thee (*O Sauiour Iesu*) I repaire,
Exhibite (Lord) my pardon in thy prayer.

Pardon my youthfull sinning, and my old
Pardon my secrete, and reuealed crimes;
Pardon my Errours, that be manifold.
Pardon committings, and omitions.
Pardon my *Nature* stayned with corruptions.
(Lord) pardon all, in all I haue offended.
Thy pardon's free, to all be it extended.

Now (*holy Ioseph*) helpe me to interre
This sacred Corse: my hart's a fitting place,
Wherein thou maist, his Sepulchre prepare.
Digge deepe (*old man*) this Graue will not disgrace
My willing hart, but dignifie the place.
(*Lord Iesu*) if this resting place may please,
Not three daies (Lord) but rest here many threes.

God forbid that I should reioyce, but in the Crosse of our Lord Iesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified vnto me, and I vnto the world. Galat. 6. 14.